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FRANK A. MUNSEY

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1906.

The Labor Famine.

The other day the Reclamation Service announced that it had taken possession of the outfits of certain contractors for work on big irrigation projects in the West and would hereafter prosecute the work itself till new arrangements could be made. The contractors, it was explained, had been unable to get men to do the work, and the operations hopelessly lagged.

The day following this, it was announced that the Isthmian Canal Commission had decided to contract for a big importation of Chinese coolie labor to dig the big ditch. There will be a violent protest in certain quarters against this course, but there is little doubt the Administration has done right. Nobody in the United States wants to shovel the germ-laden tropic mud of the zone; everybody has a better job, nearer home, where the expectation of life is more promising.

These two cases of Government troubles in getting laborers may be supplemented with numerous others. Thus the navy yards, gun works, etc., are in constant trouble keeping their expert mechanical employees because private concerns can pay more than Uncle Sam gives. Enlisting men for army and navy is increasingly difficult with each year of this era of reeking prosperity.

The fact is that nobody can get anybody to work. The railroad companies which are building a great mileage both here and in Canada cannot get men enough. The South—the new, revitalized, industrial, wide-awake South—is looking for men to do its work and demanding measures which will enable it to get a fair share of the immigration now coming in a mighty stream to these shores. The South cannot get what it wants because the rest of the country has the call and wants the workers.

It isn't that this continent is short on labor, but that it is long on work to be done. In this current year of grace it will make more money, spend more money, and do more improving than ever before.

What Is a Classic?

An esteemed New Hampshire contemporary has this to announce to a waiting world:

William Dean Howells, the prominent Kittery Point author, who ranks first among the classical writers of the day, gave a dinner at the Rockingham on Sunday to Col. George Harper of the well-known publishing house.

We don't care to know the constituent parts of the dinner, nor even to correct the gallant Colonel Harvey's name. What we do wish to discuss is the mild assurance of the newspaper that Howells ranks first among the classical writers of the day, or that he is a classical writer at all.

For what is a literary classic? Its chief quality is longevity, and next to that the appreciation and regard of people of taste for continued years. "Robinson Crusoe" is a classic, but we have no doubt that it was regarded by Nicholas Rowe, the forgotten poet laureate of its epoch, as rather uncouth story-telling. Some of the Mother Goose poems are as truly classical as an ode of Horace.

It is, therefore, altogether too early to call Mr. Howells' novels classics. We may admit that they are finely polished, intellectual studies of human lives, without also feeling any too sure that they are destined to live. Indeed it is more than likely that Peter Finlay Dunne's "Mr. Dooley" papers, or Jack London's "Call of the Wild" will be the classics of 1960, when Mr. Howells' attenuated stories shall be known only to antiquarians in literary lore.

Take the Heat Calmly.

The chief danger of the hot weather lies in the direction of over-exertion. That point is made especially convincing by the death of a commuter who, in the fiery torridity of Monday morning, ran for his train, caught it—and lived only a few moments after it had pulled out of the station. The heat, added to the strain on a not over-strong heart, sent him to his grave.

We cannot all keep cool during a hot and sticky reign of atmospheric conditions, and there is a great deal of nonsense written about the power

of mentality to induce a fictitious frigidity. Most men are bound to be hot when they are where heat is. A large number of the "don't" family are foolish.

But almost every man, woman, and child can refrain from that violent strain on the physical system that makes heat so deadly. Is a train lost or a delayed appointment so very serious compared with your life? If you are not of that class beloved of fortune who can "take things easy," you can at least decline to make either a race-horse or a dray-horse of yourself.

In the full tide of midsummer, discretion is better than an ice-pack on the head.

Protection in Disguise?

Our Australian correspondent forwards a copy of the new regulations under the commerce act of 1906, which came into force on June 8.

Some idea of the nature of these regulations may be gathered from the fact that they stipulate that needs imported into Australia shall be accompanied by indications of the place of production of the goods in which they were grown. Jewelry must be accompanied by a statement showing the purity of the gold used in its composition; no goods shall be imported as wool containing less than 90 per cent of pure wool; whiskey when described as whiskey must show the date of manufacture in the label or brand, the method of manufacture, and the material from which it is made. In the case of blended spirits, the date of blending must be given.

It need hardly be pointed out that such regulations are largely unworkable, and if insisted upon must tend to disorganize trade. They appear to be a large disguised attempt to prohibit a large number of imports, and to give importers much unnecessary trouble.

So says the British Trade Journal, and no doubt a considerable number of American producers will agree.

But the layman will hardly join in the protest. To him the new Australian regulations will rather have the look of what might be termed, after recent American legislation as to food, a "pure commerce act."

Why should the shipper of seeds not specify where they were grown and when? Are Xante currants to be produced in Montreal? A manufacturing jeweler who stamps his wares "18K" or "14K" ought to be willing to certify that they contain that proportion of real gold. If he is not, he stamps himself a fraud. Cloth which is "all wool" ought surely to contain 90 per cent of pure wool. We have gone over the whiskey situation here in America right thoroughly, and it is much to be doubted if the people of the United States would not also like to know "the date of manufacture, and the material from which it is made." What is there which is "largely unworkable" in all this?

The British Trade Journal would probably answer that such restrictions should apply also to wares of domestic production. Even so, the importer ought not to complain. Every day the bars are let down for the Australian producer adds to the prestige of the foreign-made article. The people of Australia, like those of America, will want to know what they buy and to buy what they want. As long as domestic wares are open to suspicion those who can afford it will buy the imported wares which the government requires to be above suspicion.

In plain English, the protest of the British Trade Journal is a protest against the general rise in trade standards. The day of the mahogany chair with birch rungs and two-pound packages of food which weigh but twenty ounces is coming to an end. Only the merchant who sees that light and turns it on his business can hope to get the trade of the next decade, and the sooner he realizes it, the better off he will be.

COFFIN WAS ATTACHED.

A coffin would naturally seem to be the last thing on earth likely to be mortgaged, but that is what happened to one belonging to Ed Newsome, a colored undertaker of Augusta, Ga., and, moreover, the mortgage was foreclosed. The casket reposes in a magistrate's office.

Newsome wanted some money and mortgaged the coffin to W. G. Ford. When the time for settling came, he could not pay up, and Constable Fred Thomas was instructed to begin foreclosure proceedings. He went straightway to the undertaking establishment, but the proprietor, hearing that an officer of the law was approaching his domicile, fled at once, leaving the coffin under the able protection of a husky spouse. The woman afterwards not only refused to give up the coffin, but made definite and specific promises to prepare the casket for a trip, in it if he didn't make haste to get off the premises.

Constable Thomas saw the matter in a different light, and the battle began. After a period of stress and conflict he managed to get a rope fastened around one of the woman's hands by means of which she was quieted down while the coffin was removed—Atlanta Constitution.

THE LOOM OF THE DOUMA BOOM'S DOOM.

In Russia looms the douma's doom. While erstwhile had a blooming boom. The czar and czareza, filled with gloom, sit fuming in a darkened room. That doth resemble much a tomb. They sit and question as to whom They should send hurrying up the flume; Likewise whom they should praise and groom.

A few weeks since the douma's boom Filled all the royal house with rheum. Fate seemed to bear within her womb A child that threatened to assume Wondrous proportions and consume The czar, whose presence doth illumine The empire—now see loom his doom. To head off which who dares presume?

But yet some say this douma boom Is made to last for certain doom. They tell us Nick will soon resume His wonted strength and swift entomb The men who made this douma loom. And fill his palace with such loom. Who knows if douma rears a boom. Or if there looms the douma's doom?—Strickland N. Y. Globe and Judge.

IN THE CIRCLE OF SOCIETY

MRS. BACON'S DOG GREETS MISTRESS

Suddenly Disappears From Assistant Secretary's Auto.

WAS CONSTANT COMPANION

Little French Poodle Was Always Present on Regular Receiving Days.

Society people generally are mourning with Mrs. Robert Bacon, wife of the Assistant Secretary of State, over the loss of her little black French poodle, which accompanied her on her round of calls here and assisted her in receiving on her regular days.

It is a sad case, and, perhaps, while Secretary Bacon is over in New York this trip he will be able to assist in finding the pet. Last Sunday afternoon the Assistant Secretary left his home in Westbury, L. I., for New York in one of his automobiles. Just when the poodle took a notion to elope is not known, for he was only missed when Mr. Bacon arrived at his New York residence in Park avenue. The dog evidently became suddenly athletic and jumped from the machine while it was in motion.

Mr. Bacon left Washington yesterday for New York and will return here after Sunday. He joined Mrs. Bacon on their yacht which is now at Dark Harbor, Ma.

Judge Charles R. Howry, of the Court of Claims, who with Mrs. Howry is spending the summer at Unadilla, Otsego county, N. Y., has spent a few days this week looking after his Washington affairs, but left the city today for New York, where he will join Mrs. Howry. Judge Howry's daughters are spending the summer with relatives in Mississippi.

Mr. Mitsuhashi, who has been in Washington since Sunday as the guest of the Counselor of the Japanese Legation and Mme. Miyake, at the Highlands, has left the city preparatory to starting upon his journey to Japan. He is the minister from his country to The Hague, and a distinguished diplomat and scholar.

The Counselor and Mme. Miyake will leave Washington within a few days for Deer Park, Md., making a short visit to the Ambassador and Viscountess Aoki at Buena Vista before settling there.

Mrs. Elsie M. Johnson, of 1372 Harvard street, is spending some time at the Shelburne, Atlantic City.

Miss Cherry Ford, of Takoma Park, gave a reception at her home, on Maplewood avenue, Wednesday evening, a large number of artists and musicians being among her guests. Miss Ford is an artist of ability and treated her friends to a view of a number of her paintings. There were some very artistically arranged about the rooms, and music and refreshments during the evening.

Mrs. Ford wore a gown of white mull hand-painted in La France roses, and a sash of satin bearing the same design. There were fine specimens of oil and water color painting, and a painting of burnt wood and leather work, and porcelain painting on view to her friends.

George Oakley Totten, Jr., has just returned to Washington from a trip to Europe, where he went to represent the Washington Society of American Architects at a convention.

The Rev. Charles F. Bergner, pastor of the Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church, left the city yesterday for Nashville, Tenn., to remain until September 1. He was pastor of one of the churches in the city for many years, before coming to Washington to live.

Miss Anna Russell, of 1341 L street northwest, has returned to Washington after an extended visit to friends in Kingston, Poughkeepsie, West Point, and Lake Mohawk.

Mrs. Ann Eliza Gridley and her son, Lucius E. Gridley, have gone to Minneapolis to attend the G. A. R. encampment. They will visit relatives in Chicago and Hillsdale, Mich., before returning home in September.

Miss Mida C. Peabody, of the money order division, Postoffice Department, and Miss Addie Clark, of the auditor's office, leave Washington today for their annual vacation at Rutland, Vt.

Miss Alice Crump and Miss Elizabeth Crump, of Washington, with Miss Ann Blag, of Richmond, who has been their guest for the past few months, have gone to Rehoboth Beach, Del., for a stay of several weeks.

Mrs. V. A. Cleaton, of Washington, is the guest of her son, Terry Cleaton, of Richmond.

Miss Nettie Fitzhugh, who has been visiting Mrs. John Daniel, has returned to her home in Fredericksburg, Va.

Dr. Randolph B. Carmichael, of Washington, spent a few days in Fredericksburg last week.

Miss George Lyons, of Washington, is the guest of Mrs. Baxter Moore at Charlotte, N. C., where she is the recipient of many social attentions. Miss Mary Morgan Myers gave a delightful house party in her honor last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Whitman and daughter, Miss Annie Whitman, of Charlotte, N. C., were in Washington this week for a few days on their way to New York, where they will sail for Europe.

Mrs. Gardner and her daughter, Miss Maizie Gardner, of Washington, are the guests of Mrs. D. P. F. Hoata, of Portsmouth, Va.

Miss Rena P. Moses, of Brambleton, Va., is in Washington for a day or two.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. McLachlan and their son, Robert, leave today for a visit to Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sweeney and daughter start tomorrow on an extended trip through the West.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

William R. Bowling and Mary M. Mossburg.

Anderson McClendon and Rosalie Johnson.

Barton Vandenberg, of Clifton, Va., and H. Elizabeth Horten, of Potomac, Va.

Isaac Melton and Annie E. Cash.

Charles W. Hannigan and Marie Pfeiffer, both of Baltimore.

Joseph Walter and Bessie Spilman.



MRS. JOHN C. FREMONT,
Wife of Commander Fremont, Naval Attache of the Embassies at Paris and St. Petersburg, Who Sailed From New York in Company With Her Husband Today.

Commander Fremont Sails For Long Continental Tour

Accompanied by Mrs. Fremont, and the Misses Fremont, He Will Visit England, France, Russia, Morocco and Turkey.

Commander and Mrs. John C. Fremont sailed from New York today on board the Philadelphia, bound for Southampton. They will at once, upon their arrival, leave for France and Russia, in both of which countries he serves as naval attache to the American embassies, and will probably make his headquarters in Paris.

After visiting these two countries, Commander Fremont will go to Morocco to accompany the American minister on a visit to the Sultan.

The Misses Fremont accompanied their parents, and with their gifted mother will be charming acquisitions to society wherever they may be. Their home in this city, located at 2113 R street, has long been a popular center for the musical and artistic elements of society, while both mother and daughters have unstintingly contributed their talents—all of them are fine musicians and vocalists.

There were some very artistically arranged about the rooms, and music and refreshments during the evening.

Mrs. Ford wore a gown of white mull hand-painted in La France roses, and a sash of satin bearing the same design. There were fine specimens of oil and water color painting, and a painting of burnt wood and leather work, and porcelain painting on view to her friends.

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THE BOOK WORLD

Mr. Bryan and "The Chinese Official."

Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co., announce for publication on or about August 4, "Letters to a Chinese Official," by William Jennings Bryan, a reply to the famous volume which has attracted such widespread attention both in England and America—"Letters from a Chinese Official"—in which the ideals and state of civilization of the Western world were criticized from an Oriental point of view and in comparison with Chinese standards.

The story of the writing of Mr. Bryan's book has a peculiar interest of its own. Mr. Bryan was in China when the above-mentioned little book was brought to his attention, and because he felt that the cause against his own race was overrated, and too glowing a picture was painted of the condition of affairs in the Celestial Empire, he sat down in an interval, on shipboard, and wrote a reply, sending it to this country, from Suez, Egypt.

Mr. Bryan's book is more than a mere reply to another book. It is a glowing confession of faith in the ideals and purposes of our race, and more particularly those of the American people. It is a statement of the growth of his own patriotism, and is permeated with a spirit of wise and serene optimism.

The Story of a Story.

The simple dedication, "To Lorin Deland," in Mrs. Deland's new novel, "The Awakening of Helena Richie," conveys little more than a formal tribute to those who may glance at it, but we learn that it means a great deal to Mrs. Deland; and the story, as she relates it, is of decided interest.

"I was complaining once to Mr. Deland," she told a friend recently, "that I could not write a novel, because I had no plot. 'No plot?' he said; 'why, I could give you twenty plots in half an hour.' At which I laughed, but he was staid, doggedly, 'I could.' The outcome was that once, when I was away from home, he amused himself by writing out a plot in twenty-four chapters.

"Out of that plot I afterward constructed a story. That story became 'The Awakening of Helena Richie.' Of course they are very different—his story and mine—but the idea of the saving of a woman by a child is exactly the same. I tried to embody the fact of my debt to Mr. Deland in my dedication, but I couldn't manage it."

Mr. Deland not only suggested the plot to his wife, but he watched the growth of the story with endless interest and criticism of the most helpful kind. "In fact," Mrs. Deland says, "there wouldn't have been any story without him."

Stanford White a Cover Designer.

The death of Mr. White is a distinct loss to this country and particularly to Auguste City. If you take the work of Stanford White from New York you rob it of its greatest beauty. He was the pioneer in his art. We had excellent architects before him, but he was, in my opinion, our first architect of real genius.

Even in so small a matter as the designing of magazine covers he set the pace that all other designers have followed—the naming of the name of the magazine, the title, the design, the illustration below. Before his magic pencil worked out this idea, the name of a magazine was written all over the cover, and I shall never forget the purple nightmare that was the old Scribner's first cover, with a design ranging over the page. It looked like a chaotic arrangement. See the Scribner cover today as designed by Mr. White—a thing of simplicity and grace. The cover of the Century covers was also of Mr. White's designing.

A New Gilson Book.

The leading holiday book announced by The Baker & Taylor Co. for this autumn is "Katharine," by Roy Relfe Gilson, which is scheduled for October 1. The charm and subtlety of Mr. Gilson's earlier stories are said to reach their highest point here in the tale of a newspaper man who lives over again the love of his youth in the little daughter of the woman he lost.

There are six illustrations in color by Alice Barber Stephens which are executed with extraordinary sympathy. "Mrs. Stephens illustrated Mr. Gilson's early 'Morning Glow,' which enjoyed so great a popularity, and still is in great demand."

Thomas Hardy's First Love.

That Thomas Hardy, although he abandoned the profession of architect to become a writer, has not forgotten his first love, is shown by an interesting paper recently written by him for the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

The subject was the restoration of churches, and the author, after speaking of the many open abuses in so-called "restoration," goes on to say that were he now practicing as an architect he would not undertake to restore an old church under any circumstances. In such an edifice the human interest always ranks before the architectural interest, and the architect's duty is to build a new one alongside, although it is scarcely necessary to say that he does not offer this as a practical expedient.

More Washington Letters.

The long heralded "Letters and Recollections of George Washington," that have been just brought out by Doubleday, Page & Co., have received a reception entirely worthy of their high literary and historic value. This book includes ninety-one letters from Washington to Tobias Lear, his confidential secretary and intimate friend. Practically all of them were written from Mr. Vernon, and deal with domestic matters. They show the great executive ability, the shrewdness, the business sense of the foremost American.

These letters have had an eventful history. After the death of Mr. Lear's third wife, they passed out of the hands of his descendants and have been widely scattered. Fortunately, however, copies of them were made at the time by Tobias Lear's son. Some of them passed into the possession of John Jay, the eminent historian, who married a descendant of Lear. The most direct descendant is Mrs. Louise Lear Eyre, his granddaughter, who collected the epistles and wrote the introduction for the present volume.

Included in this volume is Mr. Lear's account of the last illness, death, and funeral of the first President, a very precious part in the history of the nation, which has a permanent historic interest.

Politician as Well as Author.

Willis George Emerson, author of "The Builders" (already in the third edition), has taken an active part in national politics. As one of the chairmen of the Speakers' Bureau, he took a conspicuous part in the last McKinley campaign. More than one Western State has proposed him for Vice President, and now it is California that puts him forward for the position.

A Veteran Men's Want on Credit.

Marlow N. Higginbotham, well known as a partner for many years of the late Marshall Field, in retiring from the mer-

cantile world is imparting to the younger generations some principles of commercial success in a book to be entitled "The Making of a Merchant."

Several chapters will be devoted to credit, on which Mr. Higginbotham is an authority. When so many books on success are being written by the unsuccessful, a book on the subject by one who has succeeded so eminently will be heartily welcomed by the business world. It will be published September 15 by Forbes & Co., Chicago.

The Loneliness of Georg Brandes.

Georg Brandes is of course the most famous personage in Denmark, writes Paul Harboe in the Critic. But will it surprise the American reader to learn that he is also the loneliest, the least appreciated, the most abandoned? You could not count his enemies in a day, while all his intelligent friends might easily find room in a Fifth avenue stage, without occupying any of the space on the roof. Attack this critic in the little kingdom and a million hands will be raised to pat you on the back. Defend him and the same one million hands will look suspiciously like fists shaken before your face.

To the Danish nation Brandes spells free thought, free love, overmanism, and cosmopolitanism. With such ideas he has been anathema for a generation. Never did the Danish heart open to him. If one of his countrymen knows and recognizes him as the author of "The Making of a Merchant," it is a somewhat sentimental. He indicated that he was conscious of the fact that his great ambition had remained unrealized. "Denmark's future," he declared, "crosses my course."

A "Frog Book."

"The Frog Book" by Mary C. Dickerson, is perhaps the most unique of nature publications. For years the toad and the frog were neglected by nature students and readers. Miss Dickerson, however, now furnishes a monumental and authoritative work on the subject. The original manuscript of this book included toads and frogs of the North-eastern States, and was amplified until it covers the whole continent. Years of painstaking effort were necessary for the book. The color plates were made from photographs from life. Some of the plates represent eight or ten negatives. They were colored from the living material by the artist, and of Providence, who worked under the supervision of the author. This book is uniform with "Nature's Garden" and the other volumes of "The Nature Library" to which it will subsequently be added.

Q's Twelve Months.

"Q's" new book, "From a Cornish Window," will be published in a few days by E. F. Dutton & Co. The work is under the headings of the twelve months of the year, and is dedicated in a characteristic address to William Archer. The Spectator says of it:

"No work of 'Q's' has given us greater pleasure than this journal, of random criticisms and reflections. All lovers of good literature will find it a treasury, which they will not readily exhaust."

E. F. Dutton & Co. will also publish "Jottings of an Old Solicitor," by Sir John Lubbock, who, at the age of eighty-six, has reached the highest rank in the legal profession. He was knighted in 1894, is a lieutenant for the city of London, and was knighted in 1902. The book contains reminiscences of the great jurists of the past, and of the famous barristers, and deals with certain aspects of legal matters, interesting especially to the "limbs."

A New Way to Read Fiction.

In "Cord and Creese," an old-fashioned tale of lively adventure by James De Milie, which has just been reprinted by the Harpers, the hero's description of his method of reading the fiction of the day may contain a hint for the omnivorous novel reader.

"You see," said Despard, "one must keep up with the literature of the day. I used to read each book as it came out, but at last found satiety. The best novel fails. For my own comfort I had to invent a new plan to stimulate my interest. I will tell you about it. I take a book at a time, spread it on the table in front of me, and read each chapter in succession."

"That's just confusing," said Despard. "Not at all," said Despard, gravely. "Practice enable one to keep all distinct."

"But what is the good of it?" "This," replied Despard; "you see, in each novel there are certain situations. Perhaps a man advances the cause of forty each. Interesting characters also may average ten each. Thrilling scenes twenty each. Overwhelming catastrophes fifteen each. Now by reading novels singly the effect of all this is weakened, for you only have the work of each, and you divide it. But if you have the aggregate of all these effects in one combined—that is to say, in ten books, which read in succession, you have 200 thrilling scenes, 150 overwhelming catastrophes, 100 interesting characters, and 400 situations of absorbing fascination."

"Do you not see what an advantage there is in my plan?" By following this rule I have been able to stimulate a somewhat jaded appetite, and to keep abreast of the literature of the day."

Brief Literary Notes.

A new edition of Ellen Glasgow's novel, "The Wheel of Life," has just been brought out in England by Archibald, Constable & Co.

Katherine Holland Brown has gone to the Adirondacks to put the finishing touches to "The Book of Julian," which will be brought out very early next year.